THE LADY'S

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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ABDALLAH AND FATIMA.

AN

ORIENTAL TALE.

(Concluded.)

"O ABDALLAH," said she, how imprudent have you been—behold, your own Fatima lies bound by the inhuman spells of Gelippa, you have been a cause of much evil to her, of much evil to yourself—I am Fouina; I have watched carefully over you, although regardless of my mandates you have so grossly slighted my friendship. I know well the temptation which was placed before you, and your bravery and conduct now recalls my love; I know you now see the folly and impropriety of your conduct, attend then to my advice, and you may yet prosper. Gelippa will soon make her appearance, she will request you to take a sword, and cut that cord which connects this statue to yon couch; but do it not, it is the cord of prudence, which connects virtue with repentance; on this your own and Fatima's honour, liberty, and life, depends; let her not then deceive you." Abdallah thanked Fouina, he fell upon his knees, and confessed his own unworthiness; he looked, and shuddered upon the precipice which he had scarce escaped; he lamented his folly, he saw himself in the power of a monster, and above all, his own Fatima subject to her spells, and to aggravate the whole, his improper conduct had been the cause of all. Depressed and sad at these considerations, he begged Fouina to explain to him the various mysteries which hung about the affair: "Know then, (replied the Genius) that immediately as the Tartars had crossed the Kuban, Fatima fled, and came to the cave which you entered. I admitted her, and participated in her sufferings; she had been there but a few hours, before the inchanter Faoum saw her, and felt an infamous passion rankle in his blood; the foul detested monster obtained by his infernal arts, in my absence, possession of her, he carried her to the palace of Gelippa, his mistress, and equally wicked with himself; there he endeavoured to pollute, by his infamous embraces, your true and faithful lover; she resisted, and he knew it was impossible to

ruin her without her own consent, immediately therefore, he threw her by his magic art, into a sleep which deprived her of sense : the idea of satisfying his lust, and thereby ruining you and your Fatima, through the medium of your curiosity, then first suggested itself to him ; he therefore severed her hand, and placed it as a test of your obedience ; I foresaw that you would yield, and therefore put the ring with it, to be an aid and monitor in distress, but alas ! youth often spurns at the advice of age and experience. Faoum intended to make you the means whereby he would accomplish his infernal schemes ; he knew that when Fatima saw you in confinement, and about to die, she would lose all to save you : owing therefore, so much to the virgin who adores and loves you, it is incumbent upon you to return her affection by evincing that you are ready to oppose every danger, to defend her. Go then, perform the bold exploit, I will be near, you have lost your ring, you must therefore depend upon your prudence ; Faoum is to be overcome, he dwells in a deep cavern, and is mounted upon a dragon, he is the fiend of unbridled passion, folly, and madness, as Gelippa is of wanton pleasure and dissipation ; they are both the enemies of youth, your combat will probably be severe, but it will be glorious." She concluded, and after repeating her charge, to be prudent, she left Abdallah, who, musing and sad, returned to where his own, his much loved Fatima reposed, the groan now passed across his memory, he thought it came from her, he was not deceived ; she breathed, a deep sigh now and then escaped from her bosom ; he was joyful, a ray of hope darted across his soul, and an idea of distant happiness in the arms of the virgin he adored, spread the affection and tenderness of true and faithful lovers upon his countenance. He pressed her cold cheek to his, he wept and lamented over her—at that moment Gelippa entered, the same tender smile, and subtle airs, the same marked insinuation, was visible as when the deluded youth first saw her. Advancing with an air of the most apparent tenderness, "Come, Abdallah, (said she) you no doubt remember the unqualified promise which you gave me, to perform whatever I should ask ; now then, fulfil it, depend upon my friendship, nothing shall injure you." "Tell me, (replied the youth) tell me what it is, if consistent with propriety and honour, I will do it ; yet not even this without a reason. "I request, returned Gelippa, that you draw your sword and cut this band." The Circassian demanded her reason for making this request, but she refused to give it. "Is this your faith, wretched being ? said she, is it thus you reward your friends ?"—"A true friend, rejoined Abdallah, would never desire another to perform any thing without letting him know its intention—I cannot say but what great evils may result from obedience in the

present case, perhaps the life of this fair girl may be dependant upon it. " Detestable hypocrite, (retorted the fiend, who now perceived that some genius had given him information) dare you now assert that you did not promise to do whatever I requested.' " Yes, said the youth, I dare deny it. I gave such promise to a friend, not to you. After a long altercation, in which the inflexible Abdallah displayed great prudence, and would not be prevailed upon to cut the cord; determining, however, to discover the artifices of his persecutor, he suddenly drew his sword, and lifted it over the contested band; joy sparkled in the eyes of the fiend, he perceived it, and turning instantly around, he thus addressed her: " Infernal hag! you had hoped to have seen this beautiful innocent delivered into the foul, polluted hands of Faoum—you had hoped to see me complete my ruin, by a rash and inconsiderate action: but all in vain; too well I know your plans, think not to reflect disgrace and ignominy upon my head. No, whilst Abdallah boasts the friendship of Fouina, he will be guided by her councils."

At that moment his amiable protectress appeared, and with all the dignity which she will ever assume, she frowned upon Gelippa, and thus addressed her: " Fiend of infamy, begone, I command thee, and fly these regions; return to thy infernal habitation, and never again perplex this happy pair." Immediately as she had said this, with curses and reproaches, the detested being fled from her presence. Abdallah fell at the feet of Fouina, confessed her goodness, and implored her mercy and forgiveness. " Arise, they are yours, said the lovely genius, who, approaching the bed where Fatima lay, she breathed upon her the healing balm of an immortal breath. Immediately she arose, her spirits were invigorated, and she was again restored to life; her beauty shone as formerly, unrivalled, and her charms suprised even the Genius, who bestowed them. How great, however, was her surprise, when she found herself in the presence of Abdallah; she ran towards him, and threw herself into his arms, but turning her eyes, and perceiving Fouina, she broke from his embrace, and upbraided him for supposed inconstancy; but when her lover had related his story, she joined him in blessing the guardian of their happiness. The genius of virtue smiled affectionately upon them, and assured the lovely pair that whilst they deserved her friendship, she would ever guide and counsel them, but, observed she, there is one danger more to be opposed, one more labour is to be accomplished, before Fatima can be released. Faoum is to be overnome; go then, my son, and be prudent, for only thus can you emancipate from the thraldom of enchantment, one who lives entirely for you, and whose every act is aimed to please. The youthful

spirit of Abdallah instantly was inflamed; he burnt with a desire to accomplish the deed, he seized the mace, and flew impatient towards the door; in eager haste he had turned the lock, when Fatima ran, and embracing, begged him not to leave her; many and various were her supplications, his fondness hesitated at the prospect of separation, he was closing the door, when Fouina forbade him, and commanded him to depart; then turning to Fatima, she told her the various circumstances attendant upon her case, and effectually convinced the amiable virgin of the propriety of his departure: afterwards leaving the lovely Fatima, she hastened to follow her heroic lover. He had now proceeded but a short distance from the palace, ignorant whither he went, when Fouina overtook him, and pointed out the way; it was through a thick wood; they entered it, at first the path was entirely overgrown with thorns and briars, rough and cragged stones covered the ground, which was every where unequal; the wearied Abdallah was often lacerated by the long and sharp thorns, but the thoughts of love and beauty invigorated him, and he proceeded, careless of every danger; after having gone some distance through this savage desart, they approached a cave; its appearance bespoke desolation and ruin; huge fragments of rocks were thrown in wild disorder around the entrance, and almost closed it, the dim haze of approaching eve cast a still and silent horror upon it, and the twilight served but to increase the terrors of the scene. The brave youth was startled; he looked around for Fouina, but she had disappeared; he still however thought he heard her voice, instigating him to proceed; he looked towards the cave again, fear and dismay began to appal him; once more the voice of wisdom's genius addressed him, he now entered, an awful stillness pervaded the place, cold horror encircled the heart of Abdallah; to him it appeared the mute silence of the dead, he was retreating, when the image of his Fatima rushed upon his perturbed imagination; no longer he fears, the dauntless Circassian advances to a camp, which shone with brilliant splendour in the further part of this wonderful hall of Nature; he wielded the mace, and taking the lamp, proceeded in quest of the monster. In the mean time, Fatima was wailing with innumerable tears, his absence; she suspected the good Fouina—often she paced the apartment, which was now her prison, with quick and disordered steps—a presentiment was instilled into her soul, that her lover was dead; alternately she hoped and feared. Fouina, however, still remained near Abdallah, and was ready to assist him, provided he were in danger. Our adventurer had now proceeded through several windings of the huge cavern, without finding the detested Faoum; when he came

to a room, the door of which was closed by a vast stone, which the enchanter, by his arts, had placed there, for he himself never entered by that way, but like a wretched miser, had secret openings to his haunts, unknown to all but him. Abdallah with his mace struck the massy rock, which rolled with an awful sound from the door, which immediately burst open, and the hoarse thunder of the ponderous bolts, springing within the lock, (unable to resist the approach of the Talisman of prudence) reverberated through every corner of the cavern, immediately the cruel Faoum was seen, seated upon a monstrous dragon, from whose wide opened mouth was emitted flames of fire; his eye balls were distended with rage, the savage burthen which he bore was surprised at the daring bravery of Abdallah, who instantly ran towards the dragon, but the flames which issued from his mouth, forbade approach; he now saw the necessity of first overcoming the rider, that his brutal antagonist might have no guide; he therefore performed by artifice, what strength could not achieve, for pretending affright, he fled with caution from his foe; no sooner had Faoum seen this, than he leaped from his dragon, and came running carelessly towards him, when he had left at a little distance the furious partner of his barbarity, Abdallah turned suddenly round, and striking him across the face transversely, he stretched the impious fiend, besmeared with blood, and senseless, at his feet. A loud thunder was heard, the cave shook, a whirlwind bore the enchanter, and his dragon from the presence of the victor, who was amazed at what he saw; at length, after a few moments of stupor, into which he had been thrown by the thoughts of this wonderful adventure, he beheld Fouina, who stood confessed before him. "My son, (said he) you have now shown yourself worthy the esteem and love of Fatima, she is yours, continue virtuous, and you shall be happy; as a future recompense, make any request, and whatever you ask, it shall be given you. The brave youth, now grown sage, from experience, thus addressed his wise protectress: "I ask but this one thing; bowed down by obligations, I wish but for a calm and quiet retreat from the busy walks of public life, near the spot where first commenced my toils and griefs; there secluded, with my charming Fatima, let me repose in peace and happiness, surrounded with a dutiful and affectionate family, who, from my experience, I may teach the folly of indulging frivolous curiosity.' The good Fouina, pleased with his prudence, praised his continence, blessed him, and disappeared. Immediately Abdallah found himself with his Fatima, surrounded with all the rational pleasures which temperate man can enjoy: their offspring were instructed by their advice, and the family of Abdallah was long held up as an example of virtue and excellence.

MORAL.

When man so far debases his noblest qualities, when he degrades himself by suffering a trifling passion to usurp dominion over him, it is then necessary that some corrective be applied. Youth are too often led into the seductive mazes of delusive pleasure, regardless of the admonitions of wisdom and experience. It is rare to see a young man reclaimed after having once been introduced into all the voluptuousness of impure pleasure, yet a person who has prudence enough to break from the enthrallment, is deservedly considered exemplary; no one can mistake Gelippa as the emblem of improper pleasure, all will see avarice, passion, and unbridled desire, in Faoum; no less evident is Fouina seen the genius of wisdom and virtue, as prudence and perseverance overcome all obstacles; so are they displayed in the subsequent actions of Abdallah, but as repentance is the only way to atone for guilt, it is necessary that its rugged paths should be travelled, to regain the summit of virtue, from which the deluded victim of dissipation may possibly have been thrown.

ARATUS.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ESSAY ON ELOQUENCE.

(Concluded.)

Elocution should be particularly cultivated by those who aspire to the dignity of a professional character. Its advantages are all important to the lawyer, the statesman, and divine. After the mind has been enriched with the stores of knowledge, and illuminated with the rays of science—after the most attentive study, persevering assiduity, and application, not to be able to deliver what has been thus acquired, in a pleasing and prepossessing manner, is a very unhappy deficiency. The most interesting enquiries have been perused with reluctance, merely for the want of that embellishment which might easily have been bestowed; and the learned speaker has been heard with pain, while one of much less penetration has attracted attentive audience, and high applause. This must produce keen mortification in the feeling mind, so sensible have the enlightened been of this, that eloquence has ever occupied a distinguished place in education. And when eloquence is employed for correcting error and vice, what can be more potent to silence opposition, and engage submission. What more raises one in the estimation of the virtuous, than this happy exercise of talents.

In rendering so important a service to mankind, the orator must be regarded as a distinguished character. A character worthy to be aspired after by all who would be successful in their professions.

The lawyer appears at the bar as the protector of virtue, and oppo-

ses the wrongs offered to violated justice. He hurls his manly eloquence against the guilty assailants of injured innocence—vice recedes before him, and meets its merited punishment.

The statesman, filled with important designs, appears serious and thoughtful. Animated with the blaze of native genius, he wields the masculine energy of eloquence against the enemies of his country, and asserts her rights. He rouses the latent powers of his countrymen, and sets them in vigourous action. He makes the hard and flinty hearted tyrant tremble on his throne—plans stupendous revolutions, and agitates empires.

In perusing the page of history, we shall find this to be far from chimerical. The influence of a single individual has extended throughout a whole empire. Such are the powers of oratory. The citizens of America possess peculiar advantages for the cultivation of those powers. It has been frequently observed that despotic governments are rather unfavourable to oratory. The native region of oratory is the land of freedom. Where the affairs of government are not settled by discussion, but determined by the mandate of a king, it can never appear. Opposition is here rebellion.

In the small states of Greece, where liberty was better understood and established, than in any ancient nation, a great number of orators sprang up. This was the birth-place of the renowned Demosthenes, whose name has descended with distinguished honour through admiring ages, and still attracts universal applause. Here it was that the thunder of his eloquence broke forth in the cause of Greece—Here it was that he endeavoured to rouse his supine countrymen to defend their liberty, reminding them of the illustrious contests of their ancestors at Marathon, and Platex, and exposing the mercenary arts of meaner orators. When liberty was overthrown, eloquence expired with it. The advantages *we* have, are equal to any that were ever enjoyed. Never was liberty in so firm an establishment. *Here* every one may part in the government, and the ascendency which one man has over another, is in a great measure owing to the powers of oratory. Here topics are subject to unreserved discussion—here the orator may be useful in exposing the views of ambitious demagogues, and in declaiming with all the force of indignant feeling at the appearance of tyranny. What inestimable privileges are these! But how dearly bought! Since then our fathers sacrificed their lives to secure these privileges, let us not be wanting in generous and animated exertions for their preservation.

S. S.

Who can conceal his joys, is greater than he who can hide his griefs.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

" *Dreams* are but interludes which fancy makes,
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes—
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of coblers, and a mob of kings.'

METHOUGHT that I was placed at the entrance of an extensive and beautiful garden, delightfully interspersed with shady groves, variegated walks, and meandering rivulets, where every person present appeared to be engaged in some particular pursuit, and though as I afterwards found, they were all in search of the same object, each one seemed to adopt a different plan of attaining it. I could perceive some, who fancied the bubble they sought, would come to them without any further trouble or anxiety on their part, and accordingly used no endeavours to obtain it, but indolently passed their time by refreshing themselves in the numerous alcoves, or diverting themselves with dancing and melodious music—others appeared to be rather seriously inclined, but were frequently interrupted by the gayer classes; and by remaining in the same walks with the heedless throng, subjected themselves to their mockery and derision, besides having sometimes the mortification of being persuaded to relinquish their studious search.

But I soon discovered that in addition to the great walks and avenues of the garden, there were a number of intricate and winding paths, which were traced by some few persons who had been disgusted with the follies and extravagancies exhibited in the other walks. I could observe them toiling with great earnestness and patience to remove the impediments and obstructions which lay in their thorny path.

Being informed that I must quickly decide which road to take, or what plan to pursue, and supposing that all these different paths led to the same great object, HAPPINESS, (which I now felt as anxious to arrive at as my companions) I resolved to take what I conceived to be the medium; and immediately strove to form an acquaintance with those who appeared studiously to contemplate the end of their journey, though by mixing with the other company, they were liable to be led into some of the smaller follies of their cotemporaries, which I supposed might be avoided by a little prudence, but, alas! I soon found that

" Though all is innocent within,
'Tis guilt to wear the *garb* of sin."

I had not proceeded far in my meditations, before we were interrupted by a gay throng, who had formed a party for the purpose of amusing themselves on a river, which lay before us, and for which end they had prepared an elegant barge, which was fitted up in a

sumptuous manner, and conveyed on board of it every delicacy which the appetite could fancy, or sensuality could dictate.

I was too easily persuaded, with some few others of my half serious companions, to join them in their excursion ; and accepted the more readily their invitation, as they assured me we could pursue our studies with as much assiduity while with them, as we could do, were we to remain behind.

But, alas ! no sooner had we embarked, than we were obliged to discontinue our meditations ; for what with the sweetness of the music, and the variety of entertainments set before us, we were too much pleased with our present enjoyments, to reflect upon the *grand object* for which we were sent into the garden. We had sickened ourselves with every species of what is commonly called enjoyment and diversion, when we were awaked from our lethargic state by loud thunder, and every appearance of a violent storm. Our music and festivity was soon drowned in the roar of the elements, and the cries of the passengers.—Our mariners were so totally inebriated, that they were incapable of conducting the vessel, and we were consequently in a very short time foundered upon a rocky shore. We were however, fortunate enough to save our lives, and regained the land in a very naked and helpless condition.

I soon found that although the distance from the other shore was not great, the country we were now in was widely different from that we had left. We did not here see any of those beautiful villas, elegant walks, or groves interspersed with the choicest flowers, which in the garden we had left, diffused their odoriferous perfumes through every avenue. On the contrary, here was immense barren commons, with no other variety to please the eye, than what a few naked rocks, scattered here and there, could afford. The rivulets and springs, from which we would gladly have satisfied our thirst, were filled and surrounded by odious serpents, and noxious reptiles, who there lay in wait for the disconsolate and care-worn traveller. And we were informed that the *currents* setting against this shore were so strong, that it was nearly impossible ever to regain the other side.

In this predicament, I began to reflect on the imprudence of my conduct, in venturing in the bark on an unknown water, and I felt my situation the more melancholy and deplorable, when I was told that our rich neighbour on the other side, fearful of being drifted to the shore, by the *strong currents* of the river, did not like to risk bringing or sending assistance to those who had been unfortunate enough to be driven here, whether by their own indiscretion, or by the strength of the currents. I had

resigned myself to my sombre reflections, and wandered from my companions, striving to seek in solitude that resignation which I could not acquire in company, when I perceived *three female figures* approaching me, seemingly in serious conversation with each other. Though I felt an unusual awe and veneration in their presence, yet considering the helplessness of my situation, I ventured to approach them. With a look of mildness, which at once prepossessed me in her favour, the eldest of the three thus addressed me. "Behold in me, young man, the only consolation which mortals can enjoy, when once they have been thrown on this island. My name is RELIGION, be instructed by me in

"————this truth enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below."

"Teach thy mind the study of resignation to the divine will, and the contemplation of thy almighty creator.—

"All gracious providence is good and wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies;
When conscience pleads, turn not away,
'Tis heaven that speaks and points the way."

"When sensible of thy own littleness, call upon me, and I will lead thee to a part of this Island, where the comforts and necessaries of this life are in plenty—meantime, I leave for thy instruction, my two daughters, Reproof and Consolation. So saying, she disappeared.

Before I could recover myself from the delightful joy which her words and presence had inspired, my attention was roused by the voice of one of her fair daughters, who thus proceeded with a most amiable meekness of manner.

"Judge not of me, my friend, by the harshness of my name—my office has been treated with contempt in the world, only because my functions are generally improperly and haughtily applied. Let me teach you by a gentle *Reproof*, to avoid those temptations which are so often thrown in your way by the world. You embarked very unadvisedly on board of the *Bark of Pleasure*, which, alas! too often wrecks its votaries on the *shores of adversity*.

"That *river*, smooth in its outset, but rapid and dangerous in its course, is called on one side the *waters of intemperance*, and on the other, the *current of adversity*. Your *intoxicated mariners* were emblems of your *passions*, who lose all their energies when once caught in that dreadful current, and are only capable of conducting your bark in calm and fair weather. Instead of committing yourself to the unknown dangers of those waters, or the company of those deluded votaries of pleasure, you should have turned from their gay walks in the *garden of prosperity*, and here striven to imitate those

good men who were toiling through the intricate *paths of virtue*, which are the only roads in that garden leading to *happiness*.

"Let your former errors teach you to shun those broad paths of *indolence* and *vice* in future, and instruct you in the humbler duties of Religious retirement.

"As physic's for the body's good assign'd,
Misfortunes are the physic of the mind.'

I was deeply impressed with her words, and began to experience a deep and solemn conviction of my errors and guilt, when I was interrupted by the other sister, who informed me that her name would be an inducement for me to attend to her words, and proceeded in the most affectionate accents, to console me under my afflictions. She endeavoured to persuade me that my misfortunes had arisen more from imprudence than guilt, and assured me that all might yet be well, if I conducted myself with due reverence towards her mother. "Be comforted," she added, "for there is yet a road to *happiness*, through this desart island, which my mother, and my amiable sister will point out, if you are inclined to be guided by them. The path is rugged, and lies through the *valley of repentance*, but in the end, after crossing the *waters of reformation*, it leads you into the same road, to which the intricate paths in the *garden* of *Prosperity* conduct and which is the only true road to *happiness*.

"Fortune, a goddess is, to fools alone,
The wise are always masters of their own.'

So saying, she took me by the arm to conduct me to her mother again, but the exquisite sensations which I experienced on feeling her arm within mine, so thrilled my frame, that I awoke, and found myself in bed, and the servant standing by me, who came to announce that breakfast was ready.

GULIELMUS.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

GAMING.

THE infatuation of gaming was never more glaringly exemplified than in a Mr. PORTER, who in the reign of queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland, and who in the reign of queen Anne lost one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland.

"The last night of his career, when he had just perfected the wicked work, and was stepping down stairs to throw himself into his carriage, which waited at the door of *a well known house*, he suddenly went back into the room

where *his friends* were assembled, and insisted, that the person he had been playing with, should give him one chance of recovery, or fight with him: his rational proposition was this; that his carriage, the trinkets and loose money in his pocket, his town house, plate, and furniture, should be valued in a lump, at a certain sum, and be thrown for at a single cast; no persuasions could prevail on him to depart from his purpose: he threw, and conducting the winner to the door, told his coachman, *that* was his master, and heroically marched forth, without house, home, or any one creditable source of support.

"He retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the substitute of a marker at a billiard table, and occasionly as helper at a livery stable.

"In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessaries.

"He expended five in procuring decent apparel; with the remaining five, he repaired to a common gaming house, and encreased them to fifty; he then adjourned to White's, sat down with his former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds. Returning the next night, he lost it all, and after subsisting many years in abject and sordid penury, died a ragged beggar at a penny lodging house in St. Giles's.

"Had he fractured his leg on quitting the gaming house with twenty thousand pounds, or been doomed, by a lettre de cachet, to straw, bred and water, and a shaved head, for six months, in a dark room, it might have brought him to his senses, and have prevented so ignominious a relapse."

UNCOMMON LOVE.

HIPPARCHAI, a celebrated lady of antiquity, who was born at Maronea, a city of Thrace, and flourished in the time of Alexander, addicted herself to philosophy, and was so charmed with the cynic Crates's discourse, that she was determined to marry him at any rate. She was addressed by a great many lovers, who were handsome men, and distinguished by their rank and riches; and her relations pressed her to choose a husband from these. But she answered that she had sufficiently considered the affair, and was persuaded that no one could be richer and handsomer than Crates; and that if they would not marry her to him, she would stab herself. Upon this, her friends had recourse to Crates himself; desired him to exert all his eloquence, and to use all his authority, in order to cure her of her passion. He did so; but she still continued obstinate and resolv-

ed. At last, finding arguments ineffectual, he displayed his poverty before her; he shewed her his crooked back, his cloak, his bag; and told her that she could not be his wife, without leading such a life as his sect prescribed. She declared herself infinitely pleased with the proposal, and took the habit of the order. She loved Crates to such a degree, that she rambled every where, and went to entertainments with him; though this was what the other Grecian ladies never did.

ON FAME.

The love of praise influences all mankind, and the greatest minds are the most susceptible of it. The philosophers who most preach up a contempt for fame, prefix their names to their works; and the very performances in which they deny ostentation, are evident proofs of their vanity, and love of praise. Virtue requires no other reward for all the toils and dangers to which she exposes herself, than that of fame and glory. Take away this flattering reward, and what would remain in the narrow career of life to prompt her exertions? If the mind could not launch into the prospect of futurity, or the operations of the soul were to be limited to the space that bounds those of the body, she would not weaken herself by constant fatigues, nor weary herself with continual watchings and anxieties; she would not think even life itself worthy of a struggle: but there lives in the breast of every good man, a principle which unceasingly prompts and inspirits him to the pursuit of a fame beyond the present hour; a fame, not commensurate to our mortal existence, but co-extensive with the latest posterity.

RELIGION.

If reason alone is capable of triumphing over the passions, it has not the power of moderating the violence of the pain occasioned by the sacrifices it requires, because it cannot fill the dreadful void in a heart, which has just renounced the object of its love. But religion preserves us from dejection, by finding employment for the imagination which it exalts, and by elevating the soul. It is capable of more than making amends for the affections which it eradicates. It imparts to piety a superabundance of pure emotions, and delicious sentiments which would never be felt without it. Had it but this single advantage over philosophy, it ought to be revered and cherished as the inexhaustible source of all consolations.

DEATH.

Meditation on death is always useful, and is particularly salutary in a long and dangerous illness, which leaves us in possession of all our intellectual faculties. To meditate with advantage on death, it

should be contemplated closely with a religious mind. This contemplation is not without pleasure, it produces a sublime emotion, of which no other sentiment can convey an idea : it elevates, it fills the whole soul ; it confuses, but it exalts the imagination in the most delightful manner. How great and affecting are the thoughts of a virtuous man on the bed of death ! In another moment he will depart to see, to know every thing ; he will be eternally united with the only source of all perfection. That active and inquisitive spirit will presently be permitted to discover unveiled truth ; that tender soul, which nothing could satisfy, is gone to enjoy the bliss of loving beyond measure to all eternity ! What a hope ! What an expectation !

MACKLIN, the player, once going to one of the fire-offices, to insure some property, was asked by the clerk, how he would please to have his name entered : " Entered, (replied the veteran) why, I am only plain *Charles Macklin*, ' *a* ' *vagabond* by act of Parliament ; ' but in compliment to the times, ' you may set me down Charles ' Macklin Esq. as they are now *sy*- ' *nonimous terms.*'

" Kill," says De La Mettrie, if I may be permitted to rely on my memory after a lapse of thirty years, " kill your patient by an exact conformity to the established rules, and, if I may be allowed the term, according to the *fashionable* practice, and you will be allowed to have done your best, whilst the heir will applaud, and the widow pay your bill, with tears of unfeigned joy ; you will live with credit and satisfaction, an orthodox practitioner, and a *fine* man.

" In another instance, save a sick man's life by listening to the voice of reason, departing a little from the beaten path, and you will draw down on your devoted head, the abuse of every little whipster in physic, and every old woman in the parish ; you will be proclaimed a dangerous man, and probably be prosecuted for your pains."

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, 30th of June, by the rev. Mr. John F. Jackson, Mr. Christopher Mildeberger, to Miss Margaret Horn, youngest daughter of Mr John Horn, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. Richard Duryee, to Mrs Catharine Kip, widow of the late Isaac A. Kip, all of this city.

On Monday, the 4th inst. by the rev. Dr. Geisenheimer, Mr. Charles J. Graham, to Miss Catharine M. Ulshoeffer, daughter of George Ulshoeffer, all of this city.

DIED,

On Saturday, at his seat at Greenwich, Mr. John Duffie, merchant of this city.

At his seat at Dedham, the Hon Fisher Ames.

From the Litchfield Gazette.

Messrs. PRINTERS,

I CLAIM no alliance with the Muses, nor assume any pretensions to the sublime rank of a Poet. While suffering on a sick bed, a FLY, one of those troublesome visitors, which, in the summer season, officiously buz about and afflict the sick, very frequently perched upon the prominent member, the nose. Being naturally impatient, the pestering intrusions of this same vexious FLY, made me forget the severe pain ofan aching head, to gratify the spleen of an irritable habit, and to moralize. If the inclosed *jingle* of a reflecting moment, is worthy of an obscure corner of your useful Gazette, its insertion will please

A Ploughboy of the Village.

CURIOUS, busy, sprightly FLY,
Sculing round with flippant wing;
Fixing on the brow, or eye,
Vexing with thy piercing sting:

What's thy use in Being's scale,
Trifling, irritating thing!
Prone to thieve, and to assail;
The guest and pest of queen or king!

Puny insect of an hour!
Stiff'ning, dying with a chill;
Drooping, if the skies but lour,
Or misty vapours cloud the hill:

Why, to pilfer, sip and taste,
Thy sole delight, with curious eye,
To swarm around the frosted paste,
Or in the honey-flood to die!

Why polute the healing drug,
With sick'ning filth of foul decay;
Why, 'bout sugarbowl, or jug
Of *Yankee*, sweet, in swarms display?

Now the sober, lab'ring Ox,
Whose hairy side's no coat of mail;
Or starts, or bounds, like flying fox,
With twitching nerves, and switching tail:

For strength renown'd, and solid cube,
Yet *Beastie* feels thy biting bill;
To leech whose side, through slender tube,
Thou early spread'st thy airy wing.

And oft, when lowing Cows invite
The milk-maid's hand, from cottage-vale,
The busy urchin's venom bite,
Makes *Briddle* kick the flowing pail

To butcher's stall, or pastry shop,
Seeking or stale or dainty fare,
Nimbly you fly, or skip, or hop,
And sup or dine with Lord or Mayor.

On luscious sweets you feast, or sip,
Drinking of nectar's precious bowl;
Salute the cheek, or coral lip,
Or light where Beauty charms the soul!

Nor 'scapes the pallid cheek of woe,
Nor palsied age, nor death's deep gloom!
'Mong living and the dead you go,
And haunt the Cherub-Infant's tomb!

Hence, let us stop and moralize,
On this frail, busy-body FLY;
Be GOD our Idol, HEAVEN the prize,
Prepar'd in Wisdom's ways to die.

Like this *Insect's Life* is thine,
MORTAL! fast'ning to decline;

Her's a summer, *thine* no more,
Though repeated to *three-score*:
Three-score summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one."

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

THE SAILOR.

When the vessel on the main,
Heav'd with billows of the deep,
Ploughs thro' the wat'ry plain,
The sailor lies asleep.

Joyful dreams of bliss
On airy pinions fly;
His girl he tries to kiss,
He thinks he hears her sigh.

But hark—that awful roar;
Confusion terror all;
His happy rest is o'er,
He hears the boatswain call;

"A-ground, a-ground, a-ground,—
Alas! we've sprung a leak;"
Each sailor hears the sound,
And hears the surges break.

Then unapali'd he goes
To where the danger calls;
He cares not for his foes,
He heeds not if he falls.

Thus now from terror free,
He sings, of courage proud,
"A sailor is the lad for me,"
Then fearless mounts the shroud.

ARATUS.

.....

LOVE.

OH! why is Love's celestial dream
So sweet and sad, so fair and fleeting;
So like the midnight meteor's gleam?
So like the star of day retreating?

So like the life deluding bowl,
Which bids us rise on Rapture's pinion:
Then, headlong, hurls the giddy soul,
And gives it to Despair's dominion!

So sweet are music's melting notes,
When swells sublime, the voice of pleasure;
So sad descend the rising thoughts,
When falls the strain in mournful measure.

Be mine unfading Friendship's light,
Which shines to day and shines to-morrow;
Which dawns upon Misfortune's night,
And gilds the deeper shades of sorrow!

.....

From the Port Folio.

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE AND TIME.

An ancient man, ycleped Time,
Fatigued with journeying many a clime,
A Cupid chanc'd to spy;
"Stop!" cried the sage, "thou flutt'rer gay,
I too have wings, then teach, I pray,
Thy art, that *Time may fly*"

Love smiles assent; and hand in hand
They skim like lightning o'er the land,
When Love was heard to cry,
"Behold, ye nymphs, who sportive tread
The verdant lawn and mountain head,
With LOVE, *how* TIME *may fly.*"

But Cupid's force was quickly spent,
So Time his arm the urchin lent,
to bear him still on high;
"And see" he cried, "ye nymphs below,
What haply ye one day must know,
With TIME, *how* LOVE *may fly.*"

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